

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH EDITOR.

CONTENTS

APRIL 1, 1906.

The Land Zarahemla, (Illustrated).....	<i>Joel Ricks</i>	193
Colonia Diaz, (Illustrated)		196
Helps and Hints to Sunday School Teachers..	<i>W.A. Morton</i>	198
The Work of the Lord in Regions Far and Near.....		201
Parents' Department.....		205
Letters to My Boy.....	<i>J. M. T.</i>	206
A Reminiscence of Early Days.....	<i>Joseph L. Heywood</i>	207
Editorial Thoughts—A Menace to the Nation—Christianity in the Orient		208
Current Topics—A Word about Life Insurance—Petitions to Congress		211
Samuel, the Lamanitish Prophet.....	<i>Ellen Jakeman</i>	212
The Everlasting Friend, (Hymn) <i>Music by H. H. Petersen</i>		214
A Page of Poems.....		215
Kindergarten.....		216
Our Young Folks:—The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville— Letter Box, etc.....		220

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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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No. 7

THE LAND ZARAHEMLA.

THE name Zarahemla was applied by the Nephites to that region of country in South America lying within the confines of the great ranges of the Andes, north of the headwaters of the Magdalena river, the Sidon of the Book of Mormon, and south of the isthmus or narrow pass which led into the land northward. While the area of this region is quite extensive, probably exceeding 200,000 square miles, the habitable parts

of it, because of the peculiar conditions which prevail there, are only about one quarter of the total area of the country.

About one and one-half degrees north latitude and 76 degrees west longitude occurs what geographers call the mountain Knot of Pasto: a region where the various ranges of the Andes unite in one great mass, covering nearly 2000 square miles and reaching a height of nearly 19,000 feet. There are several volcanoes in this region and several important rivers like the

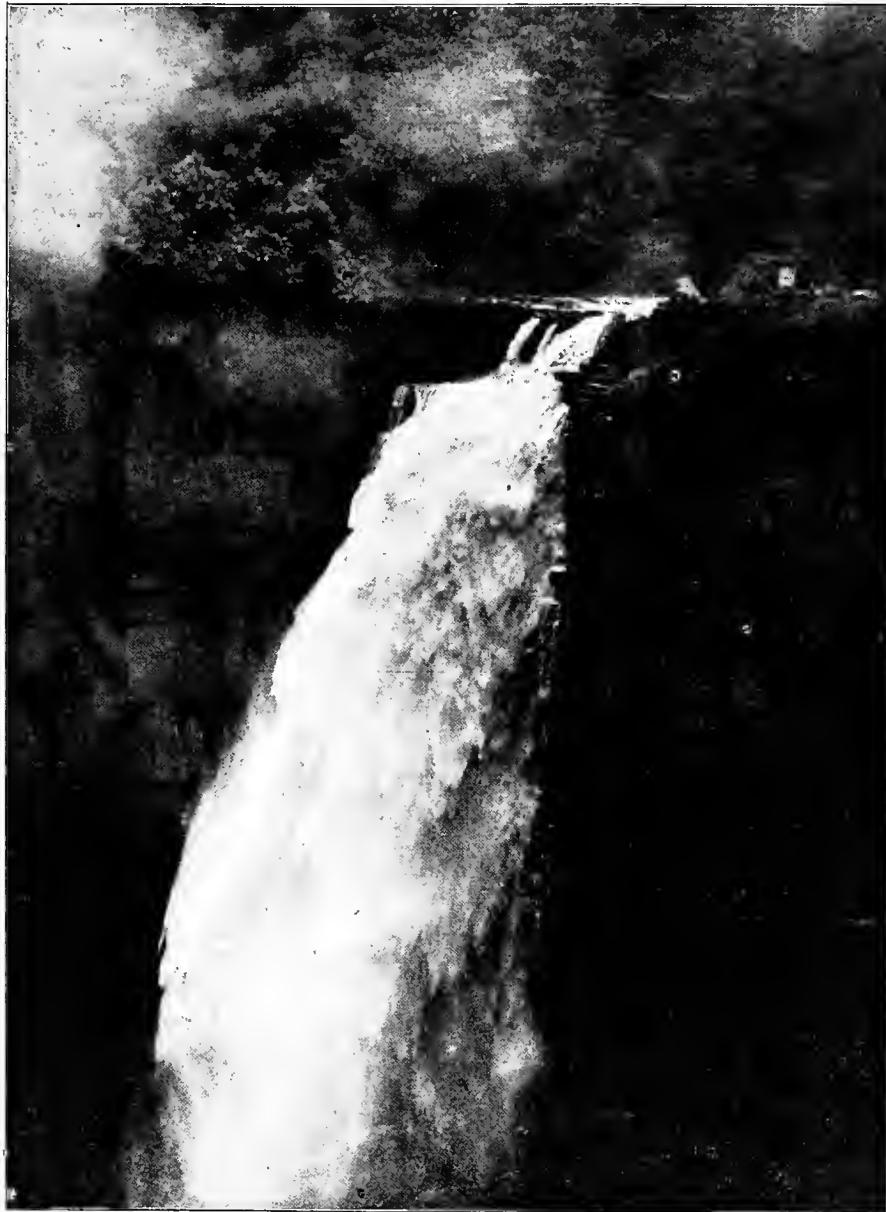


THE EASTERN RIDGE, FROM PLAZA BOLIVAR, BOGATA.

Magdalena, the Cauca, the Patia, and several tributaries of the Amazon have their source there, but our principal in-

nated as the Western, the Central and Eastern Cordilleras.

Leaving the Knot of Pasto, the Western



TUEQUENDAMA, THE FALLS OF BOGATA, (ONLY ABOUT ONE-THIRD OF THE FALL IS HERE SHOWN.)
terest in the region is that out of it comes the three great mountain ranges which form the characteristic features of the Land Zarahemla. These ranges are desig-

range runs westward for about fifty miles forming the divide between the valleys of the Pasto and the Cauca. It then turns northward for several hundred miles, form-

ing the divide between the Cauca and the San Juan and Atrato rivers, and terminates in hills near the Gulf of Darien. The mean elevation of this range is about 10,000 feet, although it has peaks which reach nearly 16,000 feet. Out of this range comes a ridge which, forming the divide between the rivers San Juan and Atrato, turns northward and becomes the mountains of the isthmus. From the summit of this ridge on a clear day one can look out on the broad expanse of the Pacific, or turning eastward can overlook the forest covered Valley of the Atrato with the broad river flowing lazily through it, and in the distant north the blue waters of the Gulf of Darien; while on the East, stretching southward as far as the eye can reach, are the cloud capped summits of the Western range. This was the Land Bountiful of the Nephites, so called because of its luxuriant vegetation.

The Central range runs northward and is a continuation of the main range of the Andes, and is for the most part a single ridge of immense proportions. Its lowest pass is nearly 12,000 feet above the sea and its highest peaks nearly 20,000 feet. For the first 300 miles its summits are vast paramos ranging between 14,000 and 15,000 feet above the sea and which are almost always buried in clouds and over which wintry blasts sweep almost continually. North of five degrees north latitude the range widens out and encloses a number of beautiful valleys and breaking up into hills terminates at about eight degrees north latitude. Deep gorges and boggy slopes make travel over this range very difficult: only three trails cross it in 300 miles. The distance over it is about 85 miles and it requires four or five days to make the journey. This mountain corresponds to the wilderness often referred to in the Book of Mormon as being west of Manti, Melek and Ammonihah.

The course of the Eastern range is mainly

towards the northeast. The first 75 miles is a single ridge forming the divide between the Magdalena and the Amazon valleys. This ridge drops down until one pass near the Ceja is only 4,000 feet above the sea. This pass is nearly east of the upper part of the Magdalena valley and on a line with the southern pass over the Central range and seems to have been much used by the Lamanite armies in their wars against the Nephites. North of the Ceja pass the Eastern range rises rapidly, culminating in snowy peaks reaching nearly 18,000 feet above the sea. North of four degrees north latitude the range widens out into a broad plateau enclosing the valley of Bogota, which is a vast level plain forty miles wide and one hundred miles long and lying 8,500 feet above the sea. The river which drains this valley breaks through the western rim at the south end of the valley and drops down rapidly towards the Magdalena, descending over 5,000 feet in a few miles. At one point it falls 742 feet and forms one of the highest and most beautiful cataracts in the world. The plateau region extends northeast of the Bogota Valley for more than 150 miles and contains a large number of beautiful valleys. The range then divides, one ridge running northward and uniting with the Santa Marta mountains on the shores of the Caribbean sea, the other turns eastward and forms the plateau region of Venezuela.

The main ridge of the Eastern range forms the eastern boundary of the plateau region. Its rounded summits bear witness of the great glaciers which have rested upon them. There are no rugged peaks in this range like those of our Wasatch Mountains. The broad summits resemble a series of rolling hills, destitute of timber, grass, or vegetation of any kind, on the eastern side the range drops off suddenly towards the great hot plains of the Orinoco. For nearly 250 miles there is no break in the range. The first accessible pass north

of the Ceja occurs at a point a little north of east of the city of Zarahemla, at this point a broad open canon penetrates the range and affords an easy passage between the plateau and the plains. Here again are seen evidences of the old inhabitants of the country; for many miles along the mountain slopes up and down the canon are numerous terraces where once stood the homes of the prehistoric people. Judging from the number of terraces a very numerous population once occupied the country. At or near this point was located the Zoramite City, Antionum.

We are of the opinion that the Nephites originally applied the term "East Wilderness" to all of the mountainous region lying east of the Sidon Valley. The Lamanites occupied the greater part of this region until expelled by the armies of Moroni who founded there a number of important cities. All about the mountain valleys evidences of the old cities may still be seen; these indicate that the old people lived in communities. There seems to have been no compact center but each habitation seems to have been surrounded by the land which the family cultivated. The temple, where the people assembled for worship, and the market place, where they met to exchange their wares, seem to have been near the center of the commu-

nity. These peopled districts usually covered forty or fifty square miles, between them were spaces of eight or ten miles which bear no evidence of having been occupied or cultivated.

The habitable parts of the country are confined to the Cauca valley, lying between the Western and Central ranges, to the Magdalena Valley, to the plateau region, and to a strip along the Caribbean sea where the trade winds greatly modify the climate.

The uninhabitable parts are the hot unhealthy region along the Pacific Coast, the great timbered plains lying between the isthmus and Lake Maracaibo and extending up the Magdalena Valley 600 miles to the Honda rapids, to the hot plains of the Orinoco and to the vast mountain summits lying above 11,000 feet. The forest region is a tropic forest in all the words imply. It is for the greater part an immense swamp whose poisonous exhalations and dews make it exceedingly dangerous for those who even visit there. Wild animals such as jaguars, panthers and other varieties of the cat tribe are numerous; snakes and reptiles, mosquitoes and gnats, spiders and ants, all combine to harrow up the souls of those who venture into those forbidden wilds.

Joel Ricks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COLONIA DIAZ.



N the early settlement of the Mormons in Chihuahua, the only railroad running through the state was the Mexican Central, which did not cover a district of country advantageous for colonization. The train now running from Ciudad Juarez, across the Rio Grande river from El Paso, to Dublan, had not then been built. The colonists, therefore, went to Deming, New Mexico,

fitted up there and crossed the Mexican line eighteen miles from the present colony of Diaz. It was at this point that the Casas Grandes river was first reached. This was really, in the early days, the starting point and Diaz' was the first Mormon settlement reached on a trip through the Mormon colonies in Chihuahua.

The survey of the present townsite was made August 24th, 1886, by Elder W. Derby Johnson who, when the ward was

organized November 7th of the same year, was made Bishop. Diaz has not experienced so thrifty a growth as either Dublan or Juarez. This has been largely due to the fact that the new railroad constructed later to Dublan has changed the line of travel and put Diaz at least 45 miles from the nearest railroad communication.

The town now numbers nearly 600 inhabitants. The people are thrifty, and notwithstanding the severe ordeal of recent droughts have made fairly good progress. The country is improving greatly by reason of the heavy fall of moisture. As stock-raising is the leading occupation of the colonists, a few years of abundant rains,

broom factory. Its mercantile establishment, a branch of the wholesale house at Dublan, does a thriving business, much of the trade coming from the Mexicans, as the Mexican town of Ascension is located just across the river. Potatoes, fruit, wheat and corn do well. This year they have had enough potatoes and flour for exportation. A lover of flowers would find every opportunity to gratify his inclinations to beautify a home in Diaz. Bishop Johnson's flower gardens are both an object lesson and a delight to all who visit the colony.

The proximity of Diaz to the border-line of the United States has made her contact with the border line element very detri-



THE RESIDENCE OF BISHOP W. DERBY JOHNSON, COLONIA DIAZ.

such as they have had the past season, would bring considerable wealth to the community. The cattle industry is improving, and the market for cheese and butter is always excellent.

The town has a small tannery and a

mental to the moral welfare of the young people. There was a large cowboy element and sometimes a class of men who were practically outlaws, against whose influence it was difficult to protect the young men. Fortunately every effort was made to

counteract the dangers in the establishment of an excellent school.

The Fillerup brothers, Charles and

estimated. The good predominated and their educational work has proven a blessing of far reaching consequence to the



THE DIAZ ACADEMY.

Erastus, were called on a mission as teachers to the colony. Their influence in counteracting the rough element cannot be over

young; thirty-eight per cent today of the population of Diaz is attending school either at home or abroad.

HELPS AND HINTS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE following teaching points are from the "Sunday School Teacher," by permission of the author, Prof. M. M. Hamill. Fleming H. Revell, publishers, Chicago, Ills.

Be natural. Do not wear your "photograph smile" before the class. The scholars know what is natural and what is forced.

Be friendly. "Whoso would have friends must show himself friendly." Your manner will make or unmake friends.

Be cheerful. Leave headache and heartache at home, as far as possible. You have no right to overcloud the optimism of childhood with personal sorrows and vexations.

Be cordial. Many boys and girls come to Sunday School from homes of scant courtesy. The teacher's hearty handshake and welcome will win the heart all the more because of the lack of consideration at home.

Be tender. If you knew all the heart-

aches of the scholars you would need no such admonition. Children have troubles as real as your own, and a little tenderness goes a long way with them.

Be patient. To be patient is to suffer, for that is the meaning of the word. The last place for fretfulness or irritability is before a Sunday School class. Do not see or hear things of a worrying nature. Look beyond them to a better day. Make up your mind to suffer, which is the sure road to patience.

Use your eyes. If you are a slave to the "help habit," referring constantly to the teaching helps while teaching, break your fetters and teach eye to eye. A well-aimed eye has hypnotic power. Look the scholars squarely in the face as you teach, and make them feel that the teacher's eye sees every motion of eye or body.

Be serious. The Sunday School hour is not a place for jokes and pleasantries. Brightness, gladness, a smile, a pleasant word, are in place, but not laughter or levity. Nor is gossip or mere chitchat in order. The laughter and loose tongue of one who is dealing with young souls is like the "crackling of thorns under a pot."

Come early to place before inattention gets a footing. The teacher ought to be in his seat fully fifteen minutes before the session begins, to put things in order, distribute song books and Bibles, to engage the earlier comers, to preoccupy the ground socially and mentally. Enough restlessness and mischief may be generated in the first idle minutes of the belated teacher's hour to spoil a day's work. The battle is lost or won in the first five minutes before and after the superintendent's signal bell.

Set the scholars at work as quickly as possible. Give them Scripture texts bearing upon the lesson to look up. Have them find the lesson place in their Bibles. Make the day's report of absentees, etc., with their help. If they must talk, let the

teacher lead and control the talking, and turn it to good account for the day's work.

Resolve to have attention, and then set to work to carry out the resolve. A firm will to have it will go far towards securing it. Scholars are quick to gauge a teacher's mettle, and to take color from his strength or weakness. A steady eye, a cool head, a still tongue, a firm hand of control will be contagious.

Have a plan and follow it. Plan each step of the day's work beforehand. Have in mind especially the class disturbers, and allow no opportunity for them to get in the lead. Plan the lesson study for them; know what and how much you intend to review of last Sunday's lesson. Select the text that will set in order the "connecting links," and have the scholars turn to them. Make a list of the obscure words and allusions of the day's lesson, and set the class to work upon them. Have questions ready in mind or upon paper, simple and direct, and plan in advance what scholars shall answer them.

Arrest inattention the moment it begins. A look, a touch of the hand, a quick question, an instant use of the inattentive scholar in any way whatever, will bring him back into line. Silence for a moment, without a look or word to indicate why you are silent, will prove an effective device.

Make the scholars think. Give them time to do their thinking. Do not hurry from one point to another. Much inattention comes from mental indigestion. Set a question before the class within their capacity, and encourage and stimulate their thinking upon it.

Take pains to make plain. Once get a boy or girl to see a new idea plainly and to know it clearly and you will not be troubled by his lack of interest. If only one thing in the lesson for a Sunday is set in clear light in the scholar's mind, he will become a help to your teaching.

Shun routine teaching. Never go in routine order around your class. Put the scholar on his mettle by surprising him. Let the one lacking in interest bear the heavier burden of the questioning and work. Ply him with special tasks and he will soon take the hint.

Do not fret over inattention. If you fail to get it, say nothing and keep on trying. Fretting is a sure note of defeat and an invitation to greater inattention. Better disorder than irritability.

Rest your class from time to time by a story or a picture or some illustrative object. If only a word or a crude picture on class slate or paper, the act of putting it before the eyes of the class will banish restlessness and regain attention. Let it tell upon the lesson.

Commend the attentive. Do this sparingly, and be sure it is specially deserved. Unmerited compliments soon nauseate, but a timely word of approval may win hearty co-operation from one on whom it is wisely bestowed.

Discourage the "smart" scholars. There are some of these in every class. They are quicker mentally, or have better home help, and are apt to take the lead of the class. They grow perter, while the dull ones grow duller. Give them the hard work of the lesson, but do not let them monopolize it. Draw out the dull scholars. Find something in range for them to do.

Do not teach too much. One or two good points will be enough for the day.

Do not stress the unimportant things. Merely glance at them and pass on. Make the geography, history, customs, etc., a means to an end. Do not waste the hour on non-essentials. Do not have the lesson read around. It is a waste of time and a bar to attention.

Test home study. Expect it, insist upon it, assign advance tasks that will assure it.

Stick to the lesson text. Have it always before the eye. Have it read directly from the Scriptures. Take care as to its hard and strange words. Form the habit in your scholars of noting what the Scriptures say, word for word.

Do not tell the scholar what he already knows or ought to know. Make him tell it to you. Draw out his knowledge and repress your own until needed.

Encourage questioning, if along the line of the lesson, but discourage mere discussion. Decide doubtful points with authority, and pass on.

Never ask questions that answer themselves. Make your questions simple, direct; incisive, so that they cannot be answered without thought.

Gather up the threads. Before the lesson ends, review its strong points, and set it in order as you would have it carried home. Take time to do this.

Make a personal application. Never close without it. The lesson has a saving truth in it, or a truth that edifies and makes for character. Prove what this is both in mind and in life yourself. Be sure to press it lovingly and prayerfully, as the one thing of the day's work.

Collected by W. A. Morton.

¤

"If I were rich," says one, "I would—" Illusion!—We often hold firmer to the last crown we have amassed than to the first which we gained.

READ not to contradict or confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

TEA, when taken in excess, may produce nervous symptoms of the most serious character, and facilitate, if it does not actually produce, mental degeneration.—SIR LANDER BRUNTON.

THE WORK OF THE LORD IN REGIONS FAR AND NEAR.

THE MISSIONARY ELDERS AND THE LATE TERRIBLE STORM IN THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.



HE following is an extract from an interesting letter addressed by Elder L. A. Miner to his parents, describing the terrible storm that ravaged Tahiti and the surrounding groups on February 8th, last, and relating the part taken

new mission house and the two Elders who have their wives here sleep in the little house next door that is rented by the mission until this one is finished, which we expect will be in another thirty days. I have been ready to leave for the Tuamotu Islands for some time, but for some reason (you will doubtless conceive one in a minute) I have not got away, although I have had the chance.



THE MISSIONARIES AT PAPEETE, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

Sitting, from left to right, Mrs. Sarah C. Hall, Prest. Ed. S. Hall, Elder Jos. T. Wilkinson and Mrs. Annie W. Wilkinson. Standing in the same order, Lawrence A. Miner, L. Parley Huffaker, George M. Peck, George A. Pierson, George S. Tibbitts, James S. Noall and Adelbert L. Clawson.

by the brethren in saving the records of the United States Consulate at Papeete.

PAPEETE, TAHITI, February, 15, 1906.

Dear Father and Mother:

There are eleven of us here at Papeete at present, including the two sisters from Zion. Seven of us are sleeping in the

I don't know when I shall go now. Not until we hear from Elders Brewerton and Bunker who are there; and I don't know how soon that will be, because the Lord is pouring out His wrath upon the people of these Islands.

Yes, we have had a tidal wave. It was a

week ago last night. We had all retired for the night when President Hall came over to the house and awakened us and told us that the sea was rising and we must be prepared for a tidal wave.

The family of United States Consul Doty live right on the beach on the main road, and they came and told Brother Hall that the sea was then inside their yard, and that they would like to stay with us. We live four hundred yards from the beach and are twelve feet above sea level.

We all dressed and went down town. The market place was flooded and the people were carrying their goods towards the mountains. The streets were lined with little boats and canoes. The people who had carriages had them backed up to their front doors, so that in case the sea came they could get in their rigs and seek the high places.

We came back to the house and asked the Lord to protect Brother Bunker and his companion in the Tuamotu Islands. We knew what it meant for these islands; the highest is not ten feet above the sea. We went to bed again but could not sleep. At 2:30 a. m., the bell in the Catholic church started to ring, and we heard a great deal of noise in the streets. The natives came and told us that that part of Papeete, known as Farcute, (Red House) was destroyed.

Mr. Doty was absent from home on the other side of the island, and it was his mother and sister who came up to our headquarters. They had left in such haste that they did not bring a thing with them, not even a change of clothing. And then they began to wonder what they should do. We told them that we would do all we could for them, but they told us not to risk our lives. We asked them where the most important records were and their trunks. They told us and we made our way to the Consulate. We secured a buggy, but no horse, as we could not get one.

And then when the sea was out, we would rush in and get an armful of books and bring them to the buggy; and when it was full, we would pull it up to the house. In this way we got all the trunks and a good many of the records.

While we were at the Consulate, I think it was about half past eight, one of the largest waves came in, and we all had a close shave. The house fell flat. I was in the street, and was struck by a board walk and nailed to a tree. But by the help of President Hall and Elder Noall I got out just in time to catch hold of a buggy with Elder Noall and be carried up the street a half a block. President Hall caught hold of a tree and thus saved himself.

Really, I don't know how the others got out of it. We did not go back again.

At ten o'clock we had a big blow. Trees were blowing over by the score. The hospital was washed into the harbor. Several boats were washed ashore. The loss here in Papeete is estimated all the way from \$500,000 to \$750,000, good money. The town looks very bad.

Brother Peck and I have been down town to the S. S. Mariposa this evening talking with the captain. We have heard from three of the Tuamotu Islands, and they have been washed clean. The natives saved their lives by going to sea.



COLORADO MISSION.

DENVER, COLORADO, March 10, 1906.

President Joseph F. Smith, Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEAR BROTHER:—Yesterday we concluded a conference of all the Elders of the mission. We had called this conference for the purpose of giving instructions for our future labors and rearranging our forces. Our members have been so few that we have been compelled to make the

best arrangements we could to meet the demand that has been made on us and still we cannot meet it.

The Elders and sister missionaries all felt well and went to their fields of labor with renewed desires to do their duty. Our meetings began on the morning of the 6th, and continued until yesterday noon. The last meeting held was a testimony meeting and we came to it fasting. The meeting convened at 9 a. m., and continued until 12:30, and it seemed that we had been together but a few minutes. All bore a strong testimony and they were on their feet as fast as they could get up and sometimes several were up at the same time. I thought of a line of poetry which says, "Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men." I have attended many meetings and have seen the Spirit of the Lord poured out in abundance, but I have never before witnessed such a feeling as was there manifest. My wife, who was up stairs, said that she could not hear a word, yet she was moved to tears, for it seemed that the Spirit of the Lord filled the whole house. Truly the Lord is good to us when He will make His power manifest in such a wonderful manner. I think we have no need to fear what the world may say about us or against us when we have such young men and women as bore their testimonies yesterday to defend the faith. I have never been so moved as I was during the progress of the meeting. When I arose to make a few remarks at the close of the meeting it was with difficulty that I controlled my feelings sufficiently to speak. To see these strong men who are not afraid of anything but sin, weep like children, was enough to melt the hardest heart. Had I not been a member of the Church and had been at the meeting, I should have asked for baptism or should have thought myself a hypocrite.

We have a noble band of young men and women in this mission, and I am thank-

ful to the Lord for them. They know the Gospel is true and are laboring as much as they can to spread its truths among their friends.

I pray that the Lord will bless all Israel and make that spirit burn into their souls until they will feel its soothing influence.

Your brother,

J. A. MCRAE.



NORTHWESTERN STATES.

PORLAND, OREGON, March 12, 1905.

President Joseph F. Smith and Counselors:

We have had thirty-five Elders in this mission since the beginning of the present year, five of whom are now released. I am happy to inform you that these young men will return home pure, faithful and strong, neither have I one left in the field after these depart, who is not of the same character, so far as I can discern.

I have just completed a trip around the mission and find things generally in a much more satisfactory condition than at any time heretofore in my experience. On the 4th of February, in Portland, we baptized seven souls, and have applications for baptisms from six others. At Seattle recently we brought a family of seven souls into the Church. In the wicked city of Butte, Montana, our conference meetings were more numerously attended than ever before. There and at Anaconda, and Boise, Idaho, certain news items which we had written concerning our mission fields, our conference meetings, the subjects of the discourses we should present in them, etc., were eagerly accepted and published in the columns of the daily papers of these respective places, and we not only drew full houses of the common people, but were also visited by ministers and newspaper reporters.

The discourses of the Elders were at

tended with splendid power, and in Butte, especially, were made the theme of discussion in the press of the following morning, the reporters giving us very creditable write-ups, in one case giving us a whole column of "synopsis" of the subjects treated.

In Anaconda we had the pleasure of leading into the waters of baptism four good sturdy converts, and had applications from five others who desire to be baptized as soon as the weather becomes warmer.

From Butte I went into the Bitter Root country, where I visited some of the scattered Saints. Before leaving Montana, I paid a visit to Bozeman. At this place a year or so ago, we baptized two young men and a young woman. The former were members of the Josephite church when we found them. I was welcomed in a most royal manner by the parents of these young gentlemen, who are members of the re-organite church. I held a meeting in their house by invitation, and before leaving, the father of the family asked my advice as to getting baptized, and I advised him to wait and take up a patient labor with his wife, and in the spring, when I should return, for them both to come into the door of the "kingdom."

In Spokane, Washington, from where in former years I had withdrawn the Elders and abandoned the field because of the utter indifference of the people, we have commenced baptizing, have organized a small Sunday School and hope and believe that we shall be able during the year to raise up a branch of the Church there. A few months ago two of our young Elders there were approached by a man, who stated that his wife had just died, that she was a faithful member of the Church, but that he had prevented her from acknowledging her membership, or making herself known to the Elders. He said that she desired as a last wish that the "Mormon" Elders should conduct her funeral

services and preach the sermons at the same, and he begged to know if they would consent to do so. They had but just come into the field, were both young and without experience in public speaking, and when they consented they were so frightened that they fasted and prayed for two days, pleading with the Lord to be with them by His Spirit, and make them to know what to do and what to say when they should appear before the public in that capacity. When the hour arrived for them to attend the services they found a large congregation gathered together.

Their tongues were loosed and at the conclusion of the services they, and I guess everybody else, were astonished at their power and eloquence. The husband was so wrought upon by the principles of the resurrection, and of the eternity of the marriage covenant as taught by the Elders that he became an interested investigator. He has six children, five of whom are old enough to be baptized and the youngest one will be eight in September next. This man has applied for baptism for himself and family.

There is a family by the name of Glasson living about twelve miles out of Spokane. We had baptized the man a year or two ago. The other day his wife sent Mr. Glasson to Spokane to bring the Elders to her house, as she had learned so many secret iniquities practiced by us, that she was determined to commence an expose of the filth that we were hiding, and she proposed to first overwhelm the Elders with her array of facts, as she called them, and then make it warm for them by exposing these things to the people in the neighborhood, and thus destroy their influence. The Elders promptly accommodated her with a visit, and when they had conversed with her from evening until one o'clock in the night, one of her sons spoke up and said to her, "Mother, instead of your destroying "Mormonism" you have

assisted to convince my brother and I that it is true, and if the water is not too cold for Elder Halladay in the morning, he may baptize me." The next morning Elder Halladay baptized the young man and himself and Elder Nelson confirmed him in the presence of his mother.

By what I have written you can see that there is considerable of an awakening among the people of the Northwest concerning the message of truth which we have been sent to bear. The power that is now working among the people of this mission is unusual and far greater than anything of the kind we have experienced before.

As a general thing the members in our branches are tolerably united, and we are increasing somewhat in our tithes and offerings, and are self-sustaining and out of debt.

The Elders, with one exception, are in good health and spirits, and they all feel sensibly the influence of the Spirit of the Lord that is working among the people.

Always praying for you, dear brethren, and for all the Zion of our God, I remain as ever,

Your brother in the cause of truth.

NEPHI PRATT,

President Northwestern States Mission.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION IN PARENTS' CLASSES—(continued.)

NO. I.—THE CHILD'S ENVIRONMENT.

NO II. IMPORTANCE OF HOME INFLUENCE.

A. What constitutes the home:

1. An essay on home.

(a) "Without hearts there is no home."—Byron.

(b) "To Adam paradise was home. To the good among his descendants, home is paradise."—Hare.

(c) "We should make home as nearly as we can what we hope heaven will be; for heaven is our home beyond the grave."

(d) "Home is the sphere of harmony and peace. The spot where angels find a resting place when bearing blessings, they descend to earth."—Hale.

(e) "A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home."—Chinese Proverb.

2. Home should be a home in fact, and not a mere dwelling place.

(a) "The paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections."—Irving.

(b) "To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends and of which every desire prompts the prosecution."

(c) Whether in the palace or the humblest domicile there should be perfect love between the parents, between the parents and their children, and between the children themselves.

(d) There should also be holy reverence for every good, wherever found, in individual and in principle.

(e) With these should be closely coupled true benevolence and charity for the unfortunate and downtrodden of our Heavenly Father's children and creatures.

3. Father and mother as head of the home.

(a) Unitedly, when both are present.

(b) Either, in the absence of the other.

(c) Rules of daily conduct should be adopted, and

1. Obeyed by the parents.

2. Compliance required of the children.

(d) Parents should support each other before the children.

(e) Neither parent should encourage complaints of children against the other parent.

(f) Complaints of one child against another should be patiently heard and justly determined.

4. Children as aids in the home.

(a) During absence of both parents, ordinarily the oldest child should be left in full charge of the family.

(b) They should have daily duties assigned so them.

(c) Morning and evening prayers.

(d) Blessing upon the food.

(e) Older to help care for the younger children.

(f) Help in the work at home or upon the farm.

(g) Outside employments to help support the family.

5. "A man's home is his castle,"

(a) He is lord of the castle.

(b) His righteous law is supreme, and should be lovingly and readily obeyed.

(c) The inmates are free from intrusion.

(d) No one can enter without permission.

(e) It is a safe retreat from all dangers and temptations.

(f) The parents are the soldiers on duty.

(g) Each member of the household has a duty to perform, to cheer and protect it.

(h) There the world of strife is shut out and the world of love is shut in.

(JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, February 1, 1906.)

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

VI

My Dear Son:—

I have been telling you before about habits, and, perhaps, you will wonder why I am calling all these things, which boys ought to learn and to do, habits. A great writer has said that, "Man is a bundle of habits." And after all, there is both skill and power in a habit, because a thing does not become a habit until we can do it well and easily. Now if there are many things that we can do without much effort and very successfully, there is always a chance for us to learn and to do more easily things that we never knew or never learned before. One habit really helps another so you can see, my boy, why I want you to get these habits about which I have been writing.

Now there is another habit that makes boys both happy and useful, and that is the habit of order—a systematic and regular way of doing things. In what order do you keep the things you have, for ex-

ample, your clothing? In the drawer where your shirts, collars and cuffs are kept, is there order or is there confusion? When you go to bed at night, do you hang up your clothes, or do you throw them in a heap upon the floor? Do you fling your hat at the nearest object when you enter the room, or do you have a hook upon which you always put it?

You are going to school during the day, your lessons come to you in regular order. How do you get your preparations for these lessons? Do you begin at night on one study, and the next night on another, or do you prepare your work in the same way every night?

You have chores to do. Does it make no difference to you where you begin? All these are questions that relate to your habit of order in thought and work. You know some people do that today which they should have done yesterday, and yesterday they did what might better have been done

a week later. It makes all the difference in the world when we build a house whether we put the roof on stilts and build to it, or whether we begin with the foundation.

Some minds cannot grasp the orderly arrangement of things; and I therefore counsel you to notice what you see in nature and in the handiwork of others. For example, look at a house and see if you can count step by step what the architect did both in its plan work and in its erection. Look at the fruit tree and see if you comprehend the order in the growth and nourishment of the trees, as well as in the production of the fruit. Objects in nature and the works of art all have a beautiful arrangement which we call order.

Now you may think that it does not make any difference how you care for your clothing; what you do with the tools you use, but you will find that if you allow con-

fusion in your belongings, it will lead to confusion in your thoughts; and in time you will become a careless man. And though you may accumulate a fortune, if the accumulation be not well ordered in your knowledge it can never be to you an education.

It is true things may come to us by chance but the work of chance is not the work of a well ordered mind, nor does it contain anything of God's teachings, both by His word and by nature to man. Don't be careless. Time spent in putting things in order and keeping them there is never lost. A man that can put his hand in the dark on any tool or article that he may need, is much more likely to bring out of his memory any thought or experience that he has stored in the mind, at the time when it is most needed without great difficulty.

A REMINISCENCE OF EARLY DAYS.

I WAS converted by Joseph Smith while visiting at his house with a gentleman from Vermont in the month of December, 1842, and was baptized the same hour of the day, dressed in the Prophet's clothes, who helped to cut the ice, which was eighteen inches thick. While at the water's edge, a messenger arrived saying that some person had arrived from the East seeking for counsel. "Here I am," answered the Prophet, "and there is but little of me; after all, there is but little of any man."

Some of the Elders reported that their doctrine was well received, but others said "We cannot swallow Joe Smith and the Book of Mormon."

"They have to swallow Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon to be saved," said the Prophet. "If I am the personage that my enemies represent me to be,

why is it that my father and my mother, my brothers and sisters, my uncles and aunts and cousins believe in me. If there is a mean person in a family, who knows it better than his relatives?"

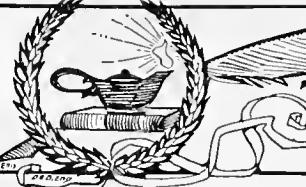
Patriarch Isaac Morley once said he never knew that man Joseph Smith teach an incorrect principle.

Joseph L. Heywood.

Panguitch, March 12, 1906.

PORGET-ME-NOT.

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came),
And standing at its Father's feet
And gazing in His face,
It said, in low and trembling tones,
"Dear God, the name Thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot."
Kindly the Father looked him down
And said, "Forget Me Not."



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - - APRIL 1, 1906

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A MENACE TO THE NATION.



HAT one of the greatest forces operating today for the weal or woe of our country is found in the accumulation of wealth must be quite apparent to every thoughtful citizen. What the consequences to our national peace will be as time rolls on and the power of wealth controls the necessities of life and the well being of three-fourths of all the families in the land, can better be imagined than described. The unhappy consequences of our vast accumulations are easily brought home to the people of this country by a corresponding increase in poverty.

The statistics show that there are 3,000,-

000 officially recognized paupers in the United States; that one person in every twelve who die in New York City is buried in the potter's field; that 1,500,000 of children between the ages of ten and fifteen are employed in our mines and factories; that more than 4,000,000 families, something like one-third of our population, get along with an income of less than \$400.00 a year; that the earning capacity of over one-half of the families of our nation is less than \$600.00 a year.

On the other hand, it is pointed out that if Mr. Rockefeller, for example, should convert his wealth into gold and take the gold out of the country, three times as much gold as is now found in the United States would be required to purchase his belongings. It is further shown that a single fortune, Mr. Rockefeller's, amounts to a billion dollars; that ten of the leading fortunes in the United States amount to two billion dollars; that 490 fortunes amount to three billions; that 4500 fortunes amount to ten billions; that 5000 fortunes amount to fifteen billions; in other words, 10,000 fortunes aggregate thirty billions of dollars. Five thousand men in this country own nearly one-sixth of our entire national wealth. If the wealth of these 5000 men were converted into gold, it would take all the gold of the world to pay them and nine billions would have to be taken from the mines and coined to pay the balance due.

It is further shown that the railroads of this country own 200,000 miles of track; that the stock of the railroads is capitalized at over twelve billions; that upon these railroads five million people are dependent; and that the railroads of this country are practically controlled by nine-

men, namely, John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, E. H. Harriman, George Gould, W. K. Vanderbilt, J. J. Hill, A. J. Cassatt, W. H. Moore and Wm. Rockefeller.

Massachusetts has collected statistics which show how some of the poor families earning less than \$400.00 per year spend their income. Of these families the average amount paid for food was \$3.88 a week; for clothing, \$2.91 a month; for rent, \$7.00 a month; for furniture, \$7.50 a year. It has been hoped and argued by those most optimistic that the rapid increase of wealth in our country would mean the universal betterment of the masses; but the pride in and the ambition for fortune have led to such a control of the avenues of wealth and the distribution to the people, that the income of nearly one-third of the families of our nation would seem to be growing smaller.

In past ages, and even in Oriental countries today, the curse of wealth has been the practice of allowing to the toiling millions just enough to maintain life and sufficient energy to keep up human resources in the production of wealth for those who are in control of its avenues.

What in our country adds to the menace of wealth is the opposing and often extreme and unreasonable resistance of the working classes. In former times conditions were such that men might transfer their employment from one avenue of wealth to another, but now the various avenues are concentrating within the control of colossal corporations which establish an almost universal wage rate, and make competition in the employment of labor almost impossible. Even the farmer, who was formerly styled the most independent of men, finds himself largely at the mercy of great transportation companies; and between him and the market where he converts his produce into money, a third and controlling party enters.

Of course, the highest wisdom indicates

the mutual welfare in an adjustment between labor and capital, by which both are benefited; but shortsighted policies and present greed may take into consideration less future and permanent good than present advantages. The mania is to get rich quickly. Will such a mania kill the hen that lays the golden egg? Such conditions as those herein described are full of menace to the stability and welfare of our country. The conflict between capital and labor has evidently only begun. It threatens to be a source of the greatest destruction to life and property that the world has ever known. The struggle can only be postponed by humane considerations as well as an unselfish attitude among those who control the avenues of wealth.

The theory that as men of vast fortunes died, their wealth would be distributed for the general good does not seem to be borne out by the facts. We may be living in comparative ease today, but there is always an uncomfortable feeling in the knowledge that under our home a stick of giant powder lies. Some may think it perfectly safe and that it will never explode; others think that we need never expect such increase of human folly as would touch it off; while others are sensitive about the destruction to human life of even unloaded guns.

The country is full of vanity, is bloated with pride. It sees not the beam in its own eye, but is hunting after motes. Surely the times are full of portents that threaten our national existence. The Latter-day Saints have the more sure word of prophecy. They are not mistaken about the predictions of God's punishments; and though they do not hail them with delight, they feel the solemnity of impending consequences.

CHRISTIANITY N THE ORIENT.

Dr. Hall, president of the Union Theological Seminary, in speaking of Christian

propaganda in India, makes use of the following language:

From time to time, in this course of preparation, the conviction has recurred with increasing definiteness, that the East could, if it would, give more adequate expression to Christianity than the West ever has given; that India might, if it would, express the innermost secret of Christ with an exaltation of tone, an emanicipation from the thralldom of things visible, a grasp on the eternal, the invisible, the imperishable, never yet attained by the average thought of Europe and America.

Those familiar with oriental life and are not misguided in estimating it from a purely materialistic point of view, have been deeply impressed by the profound religious and spiritual natures of orientals. It may be truthfully said that, as a rule, religion lies much nearer to the heart among Mohammedans and Buddhists and Brahmins than among the Christian nations.

An eminent Japanese scholar, in discussing recently the probability of Japan becoming a Christian nation, significantly remarked, that if Japan receives Christianity, it would be in her own way. That is, that she would interpret Christianity by her own standard, rather than have it interpreted to her by the conflicting views of the many sects that now seek to introduce Christianity into Japan. That seems to be the real gist of the matter. The difficulty that orientals find in Christianity is more in the interpretation put upon it by the various denominations than in the teachings of Christ themselves. With orientals, religion is not so much a code of morals as it is among the Europeans. Religion, to the oriental, is largely the response to an intense longing to come in touch with the divine.

Again, religion among orientals operates more in a collective manner. They respond

more unitedly to religious influences; they are less broken by creeds and varieties of doctrines than Christians are. They are also less skeptical. From the very nature of the oriental mind and the oriental heart it is very easy to believe that should Christianity once take hold of oriental thought, it would pass like a wave submerging in its movements millions. They could believe it and live it with a whole-soul devotion unknown to European worship.

The great question in the orient today is not so much Christian enlightenment as the different religions missionaries there expound, as it is the workings of a Christian heart—the spiritual emotions, which the missionaries are helplessly inadequate to bestow. Nothing but spiritual manifestations will ever convert the oriental mind and heart to Christianity. Those manifestations may come as suddenly and as effectually as they did on the day of Pentecost. In any event, the oriental is not so constituted that he is able to appreciate what the Christian missionaries style Christian achievements, or historic Christianity. Manifestations of worldly power, the display of wealth, and the materialism common to our Christian civilization, does not overawe the oriental mind, nor does it awaken his spiritual nature. When Christianity is born into the oriental, it is more likely to be a national than an individual birth.

OUR CONFERENCE MEETING.

THE Semi-annual Conference meeting of the Sunday School workers of the Church will convene at 7 o'clock on Sunday evening, April 8, at the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City. At this meeting the subject of Parents Classes will be introduced and considered.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A WORD ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE



ANY of the Latter-day Saints have placed themselves under life insurance obligations that now weigh heavily upon them. In many instances they are unable to pay the premiums, and their policies lapse, as it is called. In such instances they either get nothing at all, or only a portion of what they might otherwise expect if they continued their policies to the time of their maturity. No statistics are at hand, but every year policies are forfeited which have cost the people of Utah many thousands of dollars. Of course, the companies reap some benefit from keeping what has been paid in.

The question of the wisdom of life insurance is often raised by reason of the unfortunate experience of many who have overtaxed their resources, and in some instances have really distressed their families. Again, men have been unable to meet their obligations and to perform their duties in the Church. They are unable to go on missions. They trim their tithing obligations, limit their offerings, and are otherwise derelict in financial obligations. There may be circumstances in which a life insurance policy seems a real necessity. Men are easily persuaded that they should do something to provide for their families in the contingency of death; and there may be instances where life insurance is commendable; but it is equally certain that in many instances it is overdone and it is overdone in two ways. Men take out more insurance than they are able to carry; and in the next place, they take up life insurance as an investment. There is something about an accumulating policy that appeals to men as an investment. They are told that they not only get insured, but they get their money back.

The recent investigations of the great

insurance companies of this country have laid bare two astounding conditions that make accumulating policy holders very discouraged. One is the reckless expenditure of these great trust funds, and the other is the scandalous manner in which the money of the policy holders has been appropriated to private use. When a man, his son, and son-in-law draw out in salaries and commissions \$3,600,000 in ten years, it indicates the undesirability of taking out accumulative policies in insurance companies. It would be altogether better to take out a straight insurance for life, or for a given number of years, as a protection to one's family in the contingency of death.

If the extra amount of insurance that goes to make the premiums on accumulating policies were put into a savings bank, the money so invested would at the end of twenty years produce very much more than an insurance company could pay. Banks have thrown around them safeguards which insurance companies do not have, and the law seems to protect more carefully the funds in a bank than it does protect an investment in an insurance company. The accumulation of so many millions has been a great inducement to speculation, especially from the fact that accumulating policies generally cover a period of twenty years. During that time, a policy holder is, relatively speaking, in the dark with respect to the earnings of the company. In the case of a bank, its status is more perfectly known from year to year, and the depositor can get his money any time upon short notice when the bank ceases to enjoy his confidence, but such is not the case with insurance companies.

Our people would, as a rule, be much wiser and safer, in cases where they needed life insurance, to take out a simple life in-

surance policy, without regard to accumulations, and put their money in a savings bank, provided, of course, they could not find a better and more profitable place to invest their money than in a bank.



PETITIONS TO CONGRESS.

"THE first amendment of the national Constitution denies to Congress the right to abridge the privilege of petitioning the government for the redress of grievances. That the American people make large use of the privilege is shown by the overflowing 'petition box' on the Speaker's desk in the House of Representatives, and by the records of morning business in the Senate, in which body petitions are formally presented.

"Congress inclines to attach less importance to petitions which seem to be 'machine-made' than to those which appear to be from citizens who of their own motion ask for something. It is notorious that many, perhaps most, men and women are willing to sign almost any petition that

is presented to them; and hence it is never certain that a large number of the signers really care anything about the cause they seem to advocate. Yet by far the greater number of petitions are the result of concerted movement. The leaders of an organization favoring proposed legislation ask each lodge or chapter or church or union or local group, to petition for it, and usually they receive signatures in ample number.

"Petitions are often prepared in a somewhat fantastic form, and submitted in a way designed to attract the attention of the country. The bearer of the one in behalf of 'Old Ironsides' carried it to the White House and the Navy Department as an interesting exhibit of the popular strength of the movement."

So says the *Youth's Companion*; and nobody doubts it. We know of some petitions relating to Utah matters lately presented in the Senate to whom the name of "machine made" is particularly applicable.

SAMUEL, THE LAMANITISH PROPHET.

And Samuel came within the city gates,
(Fruit of that bough that runneth o'er the wall.)
With majesty and dignity he came,

And preached repentance in the banquet hall,
And in the palace gate, and open streets,
Glad tidings of salvation from the fall.

He brought with him the precious word of God,
But for the word of God none seemed to care;
For Zarahemla's sons were rich and proud,

And Zarahemla's daughters frail and fair;
Their old men scoffed, or coldly turned away;
Or, deeply angered shook their hoary hair.

And some whose hidden sins his strong words
found,

Cast him without the city; and he turned
His calm face homeward; but the voice of God,
Whose mighty message in his bosom burned,
Bade him return and speak out all his heart,
Though messenger and message should be
spurned.

Closed were the gates against him, but he climbed
The wall; and said (where all might hear and
see):

"A mighty message bring I unto you,
An angel hath declared it unto me,—
Unless ye do repent and turn to God,
The sword of justice hangeth over thee.

"Ye have cast out the Prophets, and have walked,
Doing the things ye liked in pride and sin.
And Zarahemla hath been spared this

Because of righteous few who dwelt therein.
Or fire from heaven had ere this laid it waste.
Cursed hath the fair earth, for your foul
sakes been."

Men, evil men, hate God's inspired word,
Men never lived who loved their sins to view.
But Samuel walked upon the city wall,
Unheeding when their stones and arrows flew.
He knew it mattered not to live or die,
So that to God he faithful proved, and true.

"Woe! Woe! to Gideon, and the cities fair,
That stand beside her. To their people, woe!
All those who hold the riches that God gave,
Dearer than living flesh, than friend or foe,
Shall find them vanish as a morning dream,
A mist before the sun—a wreath of snow.

"The void is peopled. Faith and righteousness
Bring hosts to aid you with their heavenly
power,
Who multiply your blessings on your head,
Who guide and guard you safely hour by hour,
But wickedness brings sorrow, shame and woe,
And guiding spirits of a darker power.

"Of darker power. They win your souls from
God,
To make a fiendish sport of all your grief.
A tool laid down—tomorrow is not there,
The day of battle finds no sword in sheath,
Wounded, deserted, and no hope divine,
Comes in the hour of death to give relief.

"Your treasures buried, treasures won in sin,
That you have worshiped. Oh! so wrongly
used,
Ungrateful stewards, they shall slip away.
You must account for wealth and power
abused,
And all your wicked plans for happiness
Will fail, because God's plans you have re-
fused."

And Samuel saw the poor, oppressed and meek,
Though cowed by sneer of pride and frown of
power,
Believed upon the sacred name of Christ.
Believing truly, cherished faith's fair flower,
To Nephi went, confessing all their sins,
Receiving baptism in the self same hour.

"If one had come among you and had said:
Do this and that, for all your ways are just,
God lives, of course, and rules the universe,
But knowing we are frail and made of dust,
Will look upon our sins indulgently,
Accepting late repentances, I trust.

"Then had you named him prophet, and had
given,
Both gold and silver, raiment fair and fine,
Honor and place and power, for flattering
words,
Arrows and stones for messages divine,
God suffers you, refusers of the light,
Choosers of darkness, cravers of a sign."

Slow pacing 'round upon the city wall

Much wisdom Samuel spake, they did not
write.

But this he said: "This name I as a sign,
When Christ our Lord is born, there shall be
light,

Two days with rising and with setting sun,
Two glorious days, with one resplendant night.

"A new star shall look down from heaven's blue,
And darkness shall not touch the honored
earth,
And many signs and wonders shall appear,
But greatest miracle, of richest worth,
That God should tabernacle in the flesh,
To save mankind, accept of human birth.

"Only five years shall pass before that day,
So brief a span the Lord's way to prepare.
You who would slay me for a Lamanite—
More for God's message—your intent forbear,
Too proud to heed my warning words today,
Shall frenzied fall to earth—drunk with des-
pair.

"But you shall hear me; then is my soul free,
When I have warned ye. O, ye deaf and
blind.

Conditions of repentance ye shall know.
Signs of His coming to redeem mankind,
Buying our happiness with deepest woe,
Repent, my brethren, be to God resigned.

"For there is yet another sign," he said,
Fell an awed silence for a little space,
The evening breezes his loose vestment fanned,
The setting sun lit up his strong, dark face;
Where high resolve, and holy thoughts had
dwelt,
And heavenly converse left its living trace.

"Our Lord must die. Then it shall come to pass
Salvation may be ours. Else were we barred,
For He alone can break the bonds of death,
That thrust us from the presence of the Lord.
Dead to all temporal and eternal things,
A prey to that which is of God abhorred.

"The door once open, and the gate unlocked,
Christ holds them wide that we may enter in,
Through faith, repentance, baptism, and His
blood,
Washed clean of weakness, ignorance and sin,
How great the price He pays, ye hard of heart,
How easily may we salvation win!

"The earth, which swam in glory when He came,
Shall groan in anguished darkness when He
dies;

Granite foundations that Jehovah laid,
In solid mass, shall break and seams gap wide;
Mountains burst crashing to the frightened plain,
Where cities stand shall roll a sullen tide.
"Destruction spreads his wings upon the wind,
Thunder and lightning revel in fierce strife,
Valleys uplifted, highways broken up,
Graves yield their dead, and Saints appear in life.
Where then shall be your riches, power and pride?
Where those you love,—husband, or child, or wife?
"Thick darkness when He dies shall shroud the earth,
Until He rises, this sure sign shall be,

That all who see it may believe and live.
For Jesus Christ hath made His people free,
And also warned you. They who perish now,...
Perish aware of their iniquity."

So dim their spirits and so hard their hearts,
Not once spake he of dearer heavenly things,
The sacred joy, and more than earthly bliss
That fellowship with God and angels brings.
Earth's best of treasures are but stepping stones
Till the freed soul shall mount on heavenly wings.

Much more he spake that fell on deafened ears,
As one who knocketh at a thrice-barred door;
But they remembered him in after years,
And all the testimonies that he bore.
Sadly and lingeringly he passed away,
They saw him go, but never saw him more.

Ellen Jakeman.

THE EVERLASTING FRIEND.

mf

Music by H. H. Petersen.

1. O Lord! res - pon - sive to Thy call, In life, or
2. Though life be short, and tri - als seem To dark - en
3. Death may dis - tract our pres - ent joy, And all our
4. O let Thy Spir - it with us dwell, That we in

p

death, what - e'er be - fall, Our hopes for - bliss on
its pro - tract - ed gleam, Though friends for - sake and
bright - est hopes de - stroy; Yet these will - in the
fu - ture worlds may tell How we o'er - came, and

Thee de - pend; Thou art our ev - er - last - ing Friend.
foes con - tend, Thou art our ev - er - last - ing Friend.
in - tue tend To prove Thee still our faith - ful Friend.
in the end, Make Thee our ev - er - last - ing Friend.

A PAGE OF POEMS.

WE LOVE THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

We love the Prophet Joseph—
The prophet of the Lord:
We love the Prophet Joseph—
Restorer of His word.
We love him for his message,
We love him for his worth,
We bless the day and nation
That gave our prophet birth

CHORUS.

Then hail the years one hundred
Since Brother Joseph's birth!
They are the most eventful
Since Jesus came to earth!
They mark the restoration,
If but the truth were told,
Of gospel gifts and graces
Enjoyed by Saints of old!

We love the Prophet Joseph
Who in his early youth,
Prayed earnestly the Father
For wisdom, light and truth;
We love our martyred Prophet
So brave, so kind and good,
His high and holy calling
Will yet be understood.

We love the Prophet Joseph
A martyr's crown he'll wear!
Oh, let us live to meet him
In mansions bright and fair!
We love the Saints, his people,
Whatever may befall,
We love our Heavenly Father
Who loves His children all.

Richard A. Shipp.

THE BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country—the Beyond
And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant regions
near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
I think I almost see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel those who have gone from here
Come near enough sometimes to touch my
hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right around about us
lies.

And so, for me, there nothing is in death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing with abated breath
And white-set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Selected.

CONTENTMENT.

Once on a time an old red hen
Went strutting around with pompous clucks,
For she had little babies ten,
A part of which were tiny ducks;
“Tis very rare that hens,” said she,
“Have baby ducks, as well as chicks;
But I possess, as you can see,
Of chickens four and ducklings six!”

A season later, this old hen
Appeared, still cackling of her luck,
For though she boasted babies ten,
Not one among them was a duck!
“Tis well,” she murmured, brooding o'er
The little chicks of fleecy down,
“My babies now will stay ashore,
And, consequently, cannot drown!”

The following spring the old red hen
Clucked just as proudly as of yore;
But lo! her babes were ducklings ten,
Instead of chickens, as before!
“Tis better,” said the old red hen,
As she surveyed her waddling brood,
“A little water, now and then,
Will surely do my darlings good!”

But, oh! alas, how very sad!
When gentle spring rolled round again,
The eggs eventuated bad,
And childless was the old red hen!
Yet, patiently she bore her woe,
And still she wore a cheerful air,
And said: “Tis best these things are so,
For babies are a dreadful care!”

I half suspect that many men,
And many, many women too,
Could learn a lesson from the hen,
With foliage of vermillion hue.
She ne'er presumed to take offense
At any fate that might befall,
But meekly bowed to Providence.—
She was contented—that was all!

Selected.

KINDERGARTEN

Edited By Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris.

SECOND SUNDAY, APRIL 8th, 1906.

Thought for teacher: Springtime, or the Re-awakening.

1. Good Morning.

JUVENILE, February 1, 1906, page 83.

2. Hymn.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Spring Song.

5. Morning Talk.

See JUVENILE, April 1, 1905.

(It is often a question how to bring so great and wonderful truth as that symbolized by the Easter time, or the Re-awakening—"Life in and through death"—to the understanding of the little ones; yet it is beautiful, and in one sense, so simple, that we must not pass it over. The children will have some impression of Easter Sunday, even if it is to them only a 'day for eggs. The eggs make a very good starting point, but we should not stop here. Seeds, bulbs and buds may also be used to advantage, and by recalling the work of the fall—the going to sleep time—the spring work is made easy.

It is unwise to bring little children into unnecessary contact with death and all related to it, or to dwell on the thought of it in its sadness; yet there are few little ones who do not know something of "the going away" of the grandpa, the grandma, the little brother or sister, or some other loved one, and who have not felt the strangeness of sudden loss. So in the earliest day they need a realization of the *after life* which may grow with them and give courage and strength as they advance in years.

All nature is looking fresh and new.

Very often we look at things and call them dry and dead because we do not understand them. After the bean is dry and has fallen from its pod, it appears to be a dead thing; but surround it by the proper conditions and the life within it will soon assert itself. The bare trees will soon be changed. How? All nature seems to be putting forth new life—"casting off the old, putting on the new."

Our bodies are but the houses in which our spirits live. Some day we shall not want these houses any more as they are now, but they will be made new for us.

The egg is the symbol of the tomb, and as the chick comes forth from the shell, so shall the "dead" come forth from the grave.)

6. Bible Story.

(Review briefly the early life of Christ).

Those who knew Jesus learned to love Him more and more, but the wicked people were very angry with Him, and were not satisfied until they crucified Him.

The people who loved Jesus felt very, very sorry when He was taken from them and placed in the tomb, for they thought they should never see Him again. For three days Jesus was in the tomb or grave, but on Easter Sunday, when the two Marys went to the tomb, they found that the large rock, which had been placed at the entrance or door, had been rolled away, and Jesus was gone; but an angel of the Lord was there, and he said to the women, "Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus. * * * He is not here; for *He is risen*, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead; and behold He goeth before you into Gal-

ilee; there shall ye see Him: lo, I have told you."

The Marys hurried away to tell the disciples, as the angel had commanded them; and as they went, Jesus met them and spoke to them.

After this Jesus met His apostles at a mountain in Galilee, and when they saw Jesus again, they worshiped Him. Jesus told them many things, and then He was taken from them up into heaven.

Since that time, Easter Sunday, or the day on which Christ arose from the tomb, has been kept. It always comes in the spring time, when the seeds and flowers, and butterflies and bees are waking up, and every one is glad.

7. Rest Exercise.

In my little garden bed, or sing the Easter song. (Either the one in the Hill or the Smith book—the one preferred.)

8. Nature Talk.

THE LITTLE BEAN.

"I think I ought to be doing something in the world," said a little voice out in the garden one bright spring day.

"Pray what can you do?" asked another and somewhat stronger voice.

"I think I can grow," answered the little voice. If you had seen the owner of the little voice, perhaps you would not have thought him anything remarkable. He looked like this (show a large bean which has been soaked). It is true, he had on a clean, white coat, so smooth and shining that it looked as if it had been newly starched and ironed, and inside of this he had two stout packages.

It looked just as if his coat had been cut with a knife and afterwards grown together again. It was like a scar on your hand, and a scar it was called. (Show the scar on the bean you have—the spot where the bean was broken from the pod.)

"Yes, I ought to be growing," said the

little voice; "for I am a Bean, and in the spring a Bean ought to grow."

"What do you mean by growing?" asked the other voice, which came from a large stone or rock.

"Why," said the Bean, "don't you know what growing means? I thought everybody knew how to grow. You see when I grow my root goes down into the soil to get moisture, and my stem goes up into the light to get heat. Heat and moisture are my food and drink. By and by I shall be a full grown plant, and that is wonderful. In the ground my roots travel far and wide. In the air how happy my stem will be. I shall learn a great deal, and see beautiful things every day. Oh, I long for the time to come!"

"What you say is very strange," said the Stone. "Here I have been in the same place for many years, and I have not grown at all. I have no root, I have no stem. Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Why, of course I'm not mistaken," cried the Bean. I feel within myself that I can grow, and I must soon begin."

Just then the Bean's coat split from end to end (show how), and for a minute neither the stone nor the Bean spoke:

"There," said the Bean, showing the two packages he had been carrying; "these are my two seed-leaves; in them is the food on which I intend to live when I begin growing; when my stem is strong enough to do without them, they will wither away. My coat is all worn out, too. I shall not need it any longer. Look inside the seed-leaves and you will see the germ, part of it is the root and part stem. (Show this in the bean you have.)

"I see two little white humps" said the Stone, "but I cannot understand how they will ever be a root and a stem."

"I do believe you are a dull mineral after all," said the Bean, "and of course you cannot understand what pleasure a veget-

able can have in growing. I would not be a mineral for the world."

"What you say must be all nonsense," said the Stone; "I cannot understand a word of it."

The Bean grew on without minding the Stone. The roots pushed down into the soil and drank up the moisture from the ground; then the moisture went up into the stem, climbed and climbed into the light and the air.

"How happy I am," cried the Bean. It ran on the Stone and almost hid it with long green branches covered with white Bean flowers.

"Oh, indeed!" said the Stone. "So this is what you call growing, is it?" I thought you were only in fun. How handsome you have grown!"

"Can I hang my pods on you, so that they can ripen in the sun?" asked the Bean.

"Certainly, friend," said the Stone.

He was very polite, now that the Bean was a full grown plant.

(Soak a number of beans, so that each child may have a good look at one. If possible have them in different stages of growth.)

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Song, March Out.



THIRD SUNDAY, APRIL 15TH, 1906.

Thought for teacher: Easter—Re-awakening.

1. Song. *Good Morning Song.*

2. Hymn.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Song. *Easter Song.*

5. Morning Talk.

(If possible, have some flowers in your room. The blackboard may also be used to advantage, to see pictured there good

mother hen and her brood, or a flower garden, would please the children.)

(See plan for Easter Sunday, JUVENILE, April 1, 1905.)

Can anyone tell me what day it is today? (Let the children answer if they can.) Yes, Easter Sunday. (The answer may be Egg Sunday.) We have eggs and flowers to tell us a beautiful story at Easter time. The flowers say, "For a long time we slept in the seed or bulb, covered with brown earth, but now we are awake; we live again to make the world more beautiful and to make the children happy." Now what story do you think the eggs have to tell us? (Let the children express their thoughts.)

6. Nature Talk

Old mother hen does not make for herself a snug, pretty nest, as the little birds do. Usually the farmer gives her some hay in a box or barrel when she wants a nest; but sometimes she chooses a place herself up in the hayloft, in the barn, or a corner of the manger where it is dark and quiet; or perhaps she finds a sheltered place in the field among the grasses, which will hide her safely.

When she has laid ten or twelve eggs, she sits on the nest day after day and night after night. She will scarcely leave the eggs to get what she needs to eat and drink. For three weeks—twenty-one days—she keeps the eggs warm beneath her soft breast, and then something happens. She hears a faint little tapping, and then a cracking noise, and one of the egg shells breaks, and out comes a tiny, weak chicken! Soon another breaks, and another, until, instead of ten white eggs lying in the nest, there are ten cunning little chickens nestling in the hay and cuddling under the mother hen's soft feathers.

Look at this egg and see how smooth it is. No windows nor doors, yet when it is

time the little chick comes out into the sunshine. And here is a bulb (an onion will answer nicely; show a dry bulb first, and then one which is sprouting. Seeds may be used if necessary.) See how dry it is; yet when planted and given water to drink, and sunshine to warm it, the tiny plant comes forth into the light.

On Decoration day we carry flowers to place over the graves of our friends and loved ones who are dead; but when the time comes they will wake again and come from their graves, as the chick comes from its shell, the flower from the hulb or seed, and as Jesus came from his tomb on the Easter Sunday so long ago. This is the story that the egg has to tell us.

Instead of leaving the eggs white, we color them, at Easter time, to make them more beautiful, and often they appear as gay as the spring flowers themselves.*

7. Rest Exercise.

Where do the little chickens run
When they are afraid?
Out of the light, out of the sun,
Into the dark, into the shade,
Under their mother's downy wing,
No longer afraid of anything.

(One hand may represent mother hen, the fingers of the other hand the chickens. Suit the actions to the words.)

8. Bible Story.

Re-tell the story given last Sunday—the Resurrection of Christ.

9. Story.

A long, long time ago there lived a very rich lady who had a large house with beau-

tiful carpets, curtains, pictures, and everything to make her home happy, except some little children.

She had large orchards, where all kinds of fruits grew; she had flower gardens, parks, and almost everything we can think of. So every year, after the winter was over and the flowers were in bloom. trees green, skies blue, and sweet birds singing everywhere, this kind lady invited all the children of the village where she lived to spend a day with her. All sorts of amusements were furnished, but the sport the children enjoyed most of all was the hunting for the bright-colored eggs which had been hidden in leafy nests here and there under the trees and bushes in the woods. Very often as they ran from bush to tree the children would frighten rabbits from their hiding places, and as the little creatures darted away it would be found that they had revealed a hidden nest, which the finders would welcome with shouts of joy. So often were the rabbits found near the nests of colored eggs that the children thought the rabbits had laid them, and from that day to this Easter eggs and rabbits have been given from friend to friend at happy Easter time.

10. Children's Period.

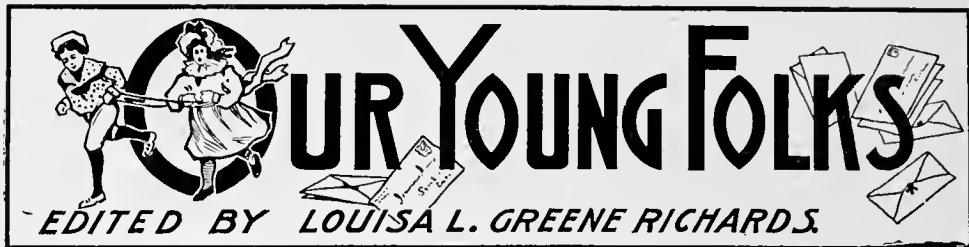
11. Closing Song. March Out.



"EXCEPT in the cases of rare and noble individuals, the disappearance or weakening of faith has been followed by a lowering of morality and by a looseness of customs. This fact is so constant that it might be erected into a law of history."

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it—STERLING.

* The Catholics have eggs colored red, to carry the symbol further, the red representing the blood of Christ, which was shed for the sins of the world. It is supposed that the using of other colors has evolved from this custom. I would not give this thought to the little children, but it is well for teachers to know it.



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XXVIII.

"Now grateful for the tender care
Which thus far has been o'er us,
We'll trust our Father to prepare
The way that lies before us."

Frisk's message—Berry Creek booming.—With Frisk's help Carl discovers and saves Fawn from drowning.—She becomes friendly again.

"WHAT'S the matter Frisk? Where have you been?" Carl asked, patting the dog's wet head with one hand while with the other he reached for a cluster of the tempting fruit.

Frisk whined and pulled at Carl's trousers in a strange way until he was told sharply to go off and behave himself. Then he leaped away in the direction from which he had come, and was gone for a moment only, returning he carried in his mouth Fawn's flower basket, which like himself showed signs of having been in the creek.

That was enough. Carl thought in an instant then that Fawn had been crossing the foot bridge she had told him about last year, which she said then her father thought was unsafe. And oh, what might have happened!

"Hurry Frisk! Hurry!" cried Carl, running and leaping after the dog this time, as he again darted forward, over fallen timbers and through the brush until the foot path was reached which led to the crossing.

"Where is she, Frisk? Where is Fawn?" he continued, and the dog yelped as he

ran, as if in reply to the anxious question.

A moment or two brought the dog and the boy to the bridge, and Carl saw that the great fear which had come to him was a reality.

Fawn had taken her basket of flowers to the rich lady who lived across the creek, and while returning, the bridge had given way with her and she had fallen into the water which was now a booming, angry stream, being much swollen by the late storms.

It was well that Frisk had accompanied Fawn, well that Carl had yielded to the promptings of the spirit which whispered to him to go to the creek bank in search of wild fruit, and well indeed that he proved himself at that critical moment a fearless young hero.

Fawn's feet had caught in the planks and poles of the loosened bridge, which prevented her being washed away with the rushing waters, though she was principally buried in them. And thus Carl discovered her in the middle of the stream.

The thought of running and calling for help never once occurred to him, had he waited to do so it must have been too late to save her from being drowned. With a quick, fervent prayer, "Oh Lord, help me and save Fawn," he dashed off his coat and hat and sprang into the dark, turbid water.

At the gymnasium, in the smooth, quiet water of the pool, which Mr. Bonner had been the means of adding to the school, Carl had learned to swim "like a true sailor" Mr. Sands declared. But the deep, wildly rushing water here was so different.

He must not touch the timbers of the bridge, lest by moving them he should cause Fawn to be set free and swept away before he could reach her. It was hard, very hard battling with that strong, swift current. But Carl was strong too, now—stronger than he could have believed himself, before the contest came. And although it must have taken him but a few seconds to swim from the bank to where he could reach Fawn, it seemed like ages of time to him, plenty long enough for him to call to mind all he had ever heard of as being expedient in such a case.

It was a good way, in trying to save a drowning person, he had read or been told, to get hold of the hair and thus raise the head out of the water. Another thing to be remembered was, that in approaching a drowning person, caution must be used lest, if struggling had not ceased, the rescuer be caught in the death grasp of the victim, and both be drowned together.

It was wonderful how Carl managed, when near enough, to catch Fawn's floating hair and cling to it while he shook the bridge and loosened her feet, so that he could swim back to shore with her. He never could explain how he did it, but he knew that his work in the gymnasium and his having learned to swim had developed and strengthened him very much. And then, he never failed to acknowledge, when speaking of the incident, that he prayed earnestly all the time, and he would add, "Anyone can do anything that needs doing with such help as that brings."

Fawn's eyes were fixed and glassy and she had ceased to gasp, or show signs of life in any way, and yet Carl felt a certainty that she was not dead but would recover.

Wrapping his coat about her, and wondering that he could bear her weight, with that of her wet clothing, so easily, he almost ran with her to Grandma Rafton's. He paid little attention to people he met

who asked questions, but hurried along, almost without seeing them. To one man, however, who simply asked if he could do anything to help, Carl answered,

"Yes, if you will please find Dr. Evers and ask him to come to Grandma Rafton's at once, that will help a great deal."

And Dr. Evers made his appearance very soon after Carl had reached Grandma Rafton's and given Fawn into Aunt May's charge.

It was half an hour before Dr. Evers gave the joyful assurance that Fawn would soon be all right again. By this time her parents and others of the family and Jem were all there.

Frisk had carried her basket home, and the evidence of both the dog and the basket having been in the creek had greatly alarmed the household. They all rushed out to go in search of their household darling, and soon met people who could tell them where to look for her and something of what had happened.

Carl had scarcely thought of the discomfort of his wet clothing until he heard the doctor say that Fawn was out of danger. Then he realized that he felt a little chilly, and as neither he nor Jem were longer needed, they considered themselves in the way, and both hurried off home.

A good warm bath and thorough rubbing prevented Carl receiving the slightest injury from the exposure of wearing his wet clothes so long after his cold plunge and swim in the creek.

On their way to Sunday School next morning the two boys passed the Lotzie gate, or Carl passed it, and Jem called in to inquire into Fawn's condition. She was bright as a new coin, and almost ready for Sunday School herself.

At the close of the school, Carl stopped to ask a question of Aunt May concerning some theological point which he had not clearly understood. As the talk with Aunt May concluded, he felt someone pull

his coat sleeve, and turning he saw Fawn's face at his elbow, which was now beaming with smiles for him. She was rather pale at first, but her cheeks flushed as she said,

"Mama and I would like you and Jem to come to our house for dinner today. Will you please?"

"Jem can," Carl answered, "but I'm—such a bad fellow."

Fawn's eyes filled with tears, and she said vehemently,

"I think you are the kindest, bravest, best boy I ever heard of—now!"

"May I look at your flowers if I come?" asked Carl with a meaning smile.

"Yes—and smell of them too, all you want to!" was Fawn's quick reply, and she smiled again, also.

Carl took the little girl's hand and pressed it kindly, feeling a great satisfaction that he and Fawn were friends again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



NEVER MIND.

When your pathway's hedged with trials,
And all nature seems unkind,
Breathe an earnest prayer to heaven,
Go straight on, and never mind.

Should false slanderers rail against you
Till the very air is black
With the venom of vile scandal,
Spreading ooze upon your track;

Like the ink-bug in the ocean,
Darkening his hidden way,
That he may escape detection,
By the victims he would slay;

Pray to God for strength and wisdom,
E'en a brighter path to find;
Live above the loathsome creatures,
Upward rise, and never mind.

Leave them in their own dark pathway,
Stay not thou, but quickly flee;
Rise to bask in heaven's fair sunlight,
Where the air is pure and free.

All the better for the struggle,
If you stay not in the dark;

Let your mind forget its terrors,
And be happy as the lark.

Never brood upon past sorrows,
But look up to God, and find
He is ready e'en to help you,
Go straight on, and never mind.

For what good could you accomplish
In the brief time you may stay,
If you stop to count the troubles
That are strewn along your way?

No, your life is lent for labor,
In uplifting all mankind;
Though the whole world seems against you,
Go right on, and never mind.

When your work piles high before you,
Labor patiently the while,
With a heart so full of gladness,
With an ever-ready smile.

Cheerfulness brings friends and sunshine,
Health and thankfulness of heart;
Never fail to thank the Giver,
Who all bounties doth impart.

Chase the darkness from your pathway,
And to your delight you'll find
Pleasures in each passing moment,
When you've learned to never mind.

Annie G. Lauritzen.



LETTER-BOX.

A Grateful Spirit.

[This little letter does not tell us where it was written, but the humility and resignation it shows entitle it to a place in the Letter-Box, notwithstanding the omission. Surely many a happy, healthy boy and girl will read Leona's letter and think it is all right that it should be selected to appear in the Letter-Box, instead of one telling of joyous times at work and play, running about, going to school and meetings, and knowing nothing of what it means to be kept in doors and in bed, a little prisoner, by the dread tyrant, disease. And every little reader will think a prayer for the one so badly afflicted, asking our heavenly Father to kindly continue to comfort her with the Holy Spirit of peace,

and the assurance that He does all things for the best for those who trust in Him.—
ED.]

I thought I would write a letter to the JUVENILE. I am twelve years old. My mama is dead, and I am staying with Sister Wright. She is just a lovely woman. I always call her Aunt Mary. I used to live on a farm, but was taken sick two years and a half ago, and had to be taken to Brigham. I have hip disease, and I have been in bed a year and a half. I am helpless from my hips down, but I do not suffer much pain. And the Lord is very good to me. He hears our prayers, and I am in His hands, and He will do what He thinks best.

LEONA NICHOLS.

He Thinks He Made a Mistake.

ELYRIA, KANSAS.

I have been receiving the JUVENILE for one year, through the kindness of some unknown friend, and think it the nicest little paper I have ever read. I like the Letter-Box.

I was born in Douglas Co., Colorado, December 23, 1892, and was baptized December 2, 1901, by Elder R. H. Siddoway, of Salt Lake City.

Papa sold out in Colorado, and was going to the Big Horn Basin; but he came down into Kansas to see Grandpa and Grandma Hudson, and he bought a blacksmith shop here and did not go to Wyoming. He thinks he made a mistake, as there is but one family of Saints here, Mr. P. A. Deeker and wife. A number of Elders have passed through since we moved here, but they could only stop for a few days at a time.

Times are dull here, and we are a large family to support, but papa can spare me one dollar to send to the JUVENILE now,

and when that runs out I hope he can spare me another, for I want the paper.

I am 13 years old.

FRANKLIN H. HUDSON.

Good Thoughts.

SPANISH FORK, UTAH.

It is a great privilege we little folks have of writing to each other. There are so many blessings we should be thankful for. The Savior said the pure in heart should see God, and I think we cannot start too early to learn His mission, and also the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. And we should remember what the song says,

"I'll serve the Lord while I am young,
And in my early days
Devote the music of my tongue
To my Redeemer's praise."

That our hearts may always be pure is the wish of your friend,

ELMER C. HIGGINSON.
12 years old.

From Near Bridger.

MILBURN, WYOMING.

I think this is the first letter to the Letter-Box from this place. We live near Bridger. My papa has taken the JUVENILE for nine years. I go to Sunday School and Primary, and I like my teachers very much. My papa has been superintendent of the Sunday School ever since it was organized.

I am 8 years old.

ORLANDO THOMPSON.

Letter and Answer to Charade.

SHARON, IDAHO.

The letters in the INSTRUCTOR are very interesting to me. I have not seen any from our town. Sharon is about ten miles northwest of Paris, in Bear Lake county.

My mama has been sick, and we prayed for her and she is getting better. My papa is superintendent of our Sunday School and ward choir leader, and my mama is the president of the Primary.

I will send the answer to George Boyes' charade, printed in the INSTRUCTOR for February 15. The name of the celebrated President of the United States is George Washington.

I am 10 years old.

VERNA NEIBAUR.

Answer and Charade.

DESERET, UTAH.

Mama helps me get the charades, and I find them very interesting. I have guessed Leona M. Farnsworth's, printed in the March 1st JUVENILE. The name of the great American writer is "Washington Irving." I will now send a charade composed of 10 letters.

7, 8, 3, 2, is an officer of a ship.

5, 3, 2, 7, is a part of a flower.

1, 9, 8, 3, is a pesky insect.

4, 8, 3, is useful to men and women.

1, 10, 9, is a busy fowl.

6, 8, 3, something we all do.

The whole is a historical spot in the life of the Savior.

I am 9 years old.

NORMA DAMRON.

"Away Out West."

PRESTON, NEVADA.

My mama has taken the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for a long time. We think we could hardly get along without it. We live away out here in Nevada, where we do not see the President of the Church nor the Apostles. I should like to see both. Our Bishop's name is H. S. Arnoldsen. My papa is the first and Brother N. P. Jensen is the second counselor. I love Primary and Sunday School. My teachers are my brother's wife and Sister Annie Arnoldsen.

I am 10 years old. I was named for President Daniel H. Wells.

Your little friend away out of the world,
WELLS BRADLEY.

Near the Railroad.

CANE SPRINGS.

We live in the southeastern part of Nevada on a ranch called Cane Springs. The trains on the Salt Lake and San Pedro railroad pass our house, six or eight trains every day. My papa is dead, and mama and my little brother Danny and my little sister Ruth and I live with grandpa and grandma. Grandpa is sick nearly all the time. He and grandma have nine children — seven sons and two daughters. I go to school and would like to go to Primary and Sunday School, but we live where we cannot. I am 9 years old.

TACY V. ADAIR.

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O, Hush-a-By Land is a beautiful place
For sleepy small people to go,
And the Rocky-a-By Route is the favorite one
With a certain wee laddie I know.

The track lies on sleepers of feathers and down,
No accidents ever take place;
Though there's only one track, there is only one
train,
But it runs at a wonderful pace.

There are beautiful things to be seen on this
route,
If you're good you may take just a peep;
But strange as it seems, they are seen in dreams;
So be sure that you soon go to sleep.

Say good-night to the Sun, for he's off to bed
too—

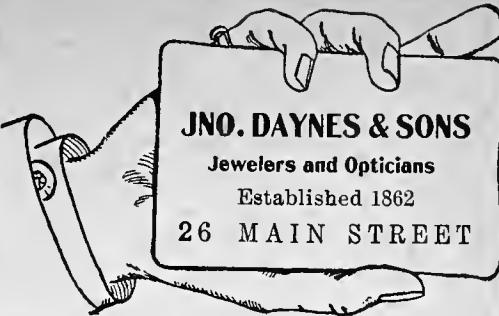
He can't hear you, so just wave your hand;
The Moon and the Stars they will light up the
cars

As you travel to Hush-a-By Land.

So, quick, jump aboard, it is time to be off.
You have nothing to pay, you young elf;
Just think of the luxury, laddie, you'll have—
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